MRS. KEATS BRADFORD.

III.

F SEVERAL THINGS.

Having handed the yellow envelope to Rowena the station agent from Middle Village advanced to the stove and spread his hands over it. The message had been brought from the station above him, for there was no office under his charge. All such documents came to him sealed. I say all such, but since his installation in his present place he had only had two to deliver previous to this one. He had remained until he had discovered what were the contents of each. He told his wife, privately, that he "hadn't any notion bof carting round them messages without finding out what was in 'em."

Now, as he stood over the stove, he said he "hoped it wa'n't death. It had been death in the other two."

Mrs. Tuttle and Sarah Kimball were greatly alarmed. Even Rowena shared their alarm, although since her marriage she had found that many people sent telegrams almost as they would send letters. Keats had a way of sending her a word in that manner during any short absence.

She tore open the enclosure and ran her eye down the lines. Her face was so calm that the rest of the family ventured to breathe.

"Is there anything to pay for your trouble?" she asked of Mr. Jenks.

But Mr. Jenks was so absorbed in wondering how he should find out what was written on that bit of paper, so that he could tell his wife, that, instead of replying, he said:

"I guess it can't be a death."

"No," said Rowena, "it isn't a death."

She took her purse from her pocket. Even the station agent saw that she was not going to tell him more. Perceiving this he mentally raised his price for his trouble half a dollar.

He rubbed his hands together.

"I was ruther busy this mornin'," he said, "and it hendered me a good deal havin' to tackle up 'n' come over here. It was paid up to the other station. My bill 'll be 'bout $1 50."

He was prepared to be haggled with. His charges for everything were always so preposterous that people fought them. But Rowena silently extended the money.

"I hope you will bring over the trunks today," she said.

"Well"—he straightened out his leg that he might pull his pocketbook from its resting place—"I d' know 'bout that. It'll depend some on the weather. It 'd be kind of er pull if the snow keeps getherin'; 'n' 'd be ruther expensive for yer—I——"

"Good morning," said Mrs. Bradford. When she had been Rowena Tuttle she could never have spoken in that way. Her face had a look of indifferent scorn, too, which made her sister, Sarah Kimball, who was watching the interview, almost breathless with envious admiration.

"What?" said Mr. Jenks, as if he could not believe his ears.

"Good morning," repeated Rowena.

She turned away. Mr. Jenks moved slightly in his place. Then he walked out of the room.

"I'm glad you done it!" cried Sarah Kimball. "That old Jenks has the name of bein' the meanest old skunk in Middle Village."

Mrs. Tuttle shook her head. "'Tain't well to offend folks," she remarked. She had a wholesome dread of what she would have called "the speech of people." She had suffered a good deal from it when her daughter left home to go to Boston. She did not feel as if she could bear much more of it. And yet she also was proud, as she saw the attitude Rowena had assumed. She supposed that "bein' out in the world made one like that."

She also was curious about the telegram.

She glanced silently at her daughter, who was now standing by the window, with the scrap of paper held closely in the hand that had fallen to her side. She could see the profile of her face. The shut mouth and droop of eyelid had a sadness that was tender. The look somehow pierced the mother's heart. Was it bad news that had come? She longed to ask, but she kept silent. She made a sign of repression to Sarah Kimball, who had been noisily washing dishes on the arrival of Mr. Jenks, and who had resumed her occupation.

Suddenly Rowena left the window and walked to her mother. She held out the paper in her hand.

"You needn't worry for fear it's anything bad," she said in a very low voice.

Mrs. Tuttle drew the spectacles from the top of her forehead down to the bridge of her nose. She saw that the message was dated in London. There were very few words to it.

"You must be in your old home now. My love to you always—always." It was signed "Keats Bradford."

Mrs. Tuttle read the lines slowly twice over. She lifted her eyes to her daughter's face.

"Did he send that from London?" she asked.

"Yes."

The old woman was conscious of a softening of heart toward Mr. Bradford.

"It must have cost a lot of money," she said. "And it sounds somehow as if he kind of missed you. Do you s'pose he does? Of course he let you come without him, or you wouldn't have come."

The old bitterness in her estimate of Bradford was perceptible now in her words and voice.

"Mother," cried Rowena, "why are you so hard toward Keats? I always feel like defending him whenever you speak his name."

"I ain't hard to him," retorted Mrs. Tuttle. "You needn't go to thinkin' that."

"But you have never liked him," said Rowena, sorrowfully. "Don't you think he knows it?"

"How foolish you talk!" responded Mrs. Tuttle. "But,"—in extenuation of the feeling she could not deny—"you know he ain't exactly one of our kind, and I will own I don't never feel really to home with him. But, mercy sake! I hope you don't think I've got nothing against him."

"I should hope not," proudly said Rowena.

In the bottom of her heart she felt a sort of relief and pleasure in defending her husband. She had a faint idea that in this defence she was making an atonement.

She flung up her head and said in a louder voice, so that Sarah Kimball at the sink heard distinctly:

"You think I ought not to have come home without him. You blame him for that. Blame me, then. It was I who insisted upon coming. Besides," with a laugh which had a sound of bitterness in it, "husbands and wives out in the great world are not so devoted to each other that one cannot come to America and the other stay behind."

It was this note in Rowena's presence which surprised and alarmed her mother: the note of cynicism, of something she had never detected in her child before. She looked up with simple love into her daughter's face.

"There, there," she said. "I guess we won't talk any more about it."

How could she confess that she was hurt still at what she felt to be a lack of confidence?

As for Rowena, she was almost frightened at the tumultuous gloom which came into her soul. When she had pictured her home-coming she had pictured only joy at seeing the dear ones, relief at escaping from an atmosphere which she wildly declared to herself had become unendurable.

Now she went and sat down by the stove. The boys had gone to school. The low-framed kitchen was dark from the storm which still kept up its constant shrieking and howling, and which seemed as if it might continue for weeks. She could not go out and stroll along the familiar ways. Probably even the trunks would not come at present. Their arrival would have created some diversion.

Mrs. Tuttle had pinned a little shawl over her shoulders and had gone into the buttery "to mix," she said. Marmaduke was passing the time in sleep. It was not nine o'clock. As Rowena sat there she reckoned up how many hours would elapse before she could go to bed again. She could not go into another room for more than the briefest stop on account of the cold; she could not go out of doors. But she already began to contemplate another visit to the barn at noon to feed the horse. That would be something to do.

After a few minutes her sister came and sat down near her. She had a pan of "Greenings" and a short, sharp knife. She also had a large earthen dish into which to put the pared and quartered apples.

Rowena looked critically at the youthful face and figure. Sarah Kimball seemed scores of years younger than she herself was.

"It is quite absurd to call you like me," she remarked, presently.

Sarah Kimball looked disappointed.

"I never s'posed I could be like you," she said, "though a good many do say so."

"You are a thousand times prettier."

"Oh! oh!", blushing deeply.

"Are you going to be a dressmaker?"

"I expect so. I can't teach school; 'n' I kind of hanker to cut 'n' fit."

"Then I should certainly cut 'n' fit."

The sisters looked at each other and laughed.

"I guess Marthy S. 'll be real mad if I dressmake."

"Is Marthy S. just the same?"

"Exactly. Ain't it funny that she always says she's well acquainted with Mr. Bradford, and that——"

Here Sarah Kimball stammered and stopped in confusion.

"And that I ain't good 'nough for him," finished Rowena.

"Yes, she does; but how'd you know?" in great wonder.

"Because I know Marthy S." was the answer.

Sarah Kimball's fingers flew round the apples and the apple-skins fell fast into the pan. She said that the boys could never have enough apple sauce. She told a great deal of the neighborhood news in answer to Rowena's questions. It transpired that Miss Hancock had been noticed by Deacon Roper who had buried his second wife. There was great and general interest felt as to whether the deacon would really take the dressmaker or not, but no discussion as to whether she would allow herself to be taken. That the woman, like Barkis, is willing is always taken for granted.

Sarah Kimball told how she that was Georgie Warner and who was now Mrs. James Townshend, had come near losing her boy by scarlet fever. She also related how Mrs. Townshend had won the prize for the most intricate pattern of bed-quilt at the cattle show for the last three years. Her bed-quilts beat everything. Mr. Townshend was scrabbling and saving. He was already getting before-handed.

Rowena at last began to feel her brain reeling with this sudden return to the life whose details she found she had really almost forgotten, although she thought she had remembered them. What she had remembered were the love, the pleasant, wholesome things.

Sarah Kimball grew more and more at home with this sister of whom she was so proud. She prattled on, revealing her shallow nature, her good humor, her Yankee shrewdness, her love of finery. She couldn't wait, she declared, "for them trunks." She wanted to see Rowena's "things." She "s'posed Paris things must beat everything else all holler." She proposed that, if the storm should "let up" any that she and Rowena should harness the old horse into the wood sled and go over to the station after the trunks. It would be great fun. It was only three miles. And then "old Jenks would be Jewed out of the pay for bringing them over."

To her surprise and joy Rowena entered heartily into this scheme. Then the two went round to the different windows and peered out. Still the same blinding storm.

In her growing desperation and alarm at her own emotions Rowena was almost ready to propose that they should go even if the storm continued.

Mrs. Tuttle saw the ill-subdued fire in Rowena's eyes. She tried to cheer them both by saying that "mebby at noon it would begin to clear."

And at noon the clouds parted, much to the elder woman's surprise. The sun shone, the blue heavens were very blue.

The mother much deplored the fact that Nathan Henry had carried his dinner to school, or he could have harnessed for them. But Rowena had already seen enough of Nathan Henry to be glad he was not at home to retard matters.

The two ploughed their way to the barn. It was hard work getting the sled round so that the horse could be put into it, but there was a great deal of vigor and decision about Sarah Kimball's efforts; and she was thinking of "them trunks."

Rowena worked as she had not done since before she left home. She tore the skin from one hand, she floundered in the drifts; her feet ached with the cold. But she forgot that baffling headache which had seemed to come without cause.

Over in England, Keats Bradford was not assisting in any such scene.

He was standing at the window of one of the clubs much frequented by Americans. His hands were thrust into his pockets and he was scowling absently out into the busy street.

Some one clapped him on the shoulder. His scowl rather increased, for he did not relish being clapped on the shoulder.

"Hullo, Bradford," said a husky, good-natured voice, "doosid glad to see you this side the Channel. Didn't know you were ever going to leave Paris. When did you come?"

"A week ago."

"Hope Mrs. Bradford's well?"

"Thanks; she is very well."

"Glad to hear it. I'll call on her. Where are you putting up?"

Bradford now turned for the first time fully toward his interlocutor.

"I don't think you'll call on her at present," he said. What he really said was "pwesent."

The other man grew red.

"Because," went on Bradford slowly; "she is not in England."

"Is that so? Where is she? Condole with you, my dear fellow."

Bradford shrank imperceptibly, but he replied:

"She is in Middle Village."

"Where 'n the doose is Middle Village?"

"In the wilds of America."

"Don't talk about the wilds of America. You know I'm an American myself."

"Then I congratulate America," remarked Bradford with great apparent earnestness.

His companion could not swear as he wanted to do. His smile, however, was rather stiff.

As a countryman of ours may have the appearance of any nationality, almost, it may be well to state that Robert Soule looked in every way like a typical Frenchman; that is, according to what used to be our ideas of such a person. He was small and alert; he was dark of hair, eyes, and skin. He wore an "imperial" and a long, carefully waxed mustache. He had a great deal of manner, especially in the presence of ladies, when this manner all seemed to merge into a touching devotion. This appearance of devotion made the men who saw it want to pick him up and throw him out of the room. But it had an altogether different effect on the women. Soule was keen and what we call "smart." He had made his own fortune, made it on Wall-st. ten years before. He had been smart enough when it was made to withdraw immediately and completely from that street. He had gone to Paris and had remained in that city ever since. He was now forty. When he had first come abroad he had put an accent over the last letter of his name, but he had dropped that now. He loved art. He talked a great deal about it. He often declared that if he had not been obliged to make his fortune, he should have been a painter.

It was through Bradford's cousin, Miss Phillipps, that Soule became acquainted with the Bradfords. He was immediately greatly interested in Mrs. Bradford's work, and, perhaps, in Mrs. Bradford herself. It was he who wrote that very discriminating notice of her first picture in the Salon. It was the only article among the many that were written that really pleased the maker of the picture. Not that he gave unmixed praise, but that he had penetrated her very mood and intention. There is nothing more annoying to a painter or writer than to be praised indiscriminately.

It was several months before Mrs. Bradford knew that Soule had written that criticism. He was in her studio. Bradford himself was lounging and reading at one end of the room. At the other end Soule was looking over some sketches that Rowena had made long ago of fields and pastures in her old home. She said something that revealed her vivid pleasure in what Soule had written.

He looked up with that flashing smile he had, but he said nothing.

"You wrote it!" exclaimed the artist.

She was deeply gratified. She held out her hand in her frank, unaffected way. Soule was not a Frenchman and he would not kiss her hand. He grasped it for a moment.

"I'm glad to have pleased you," he said fervently.

"Keats," said Rowena after their visitor had gone, "it was Mr. Soule who wrote that we liked so well about my picture in the Salon."

She was surprised and displeased at the expression which came over her husband's face as he heard her. But the look was banished instantly. He smiled rather constrainedly.

"I believe Soule does know what he is talking about when he talks of art," he responded.

"Yes, indeed," said Rowena, "I prize his good opinion more than I can tell."

Bradford closed his book. He rose to his feet. There was something that puzzled his wife. She thought he was going to make some remark, but he did not. He only looked at her a moment. She met his eyes with her own clear gaze. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Oh, Rowena!" he exclaimed in his gentlest tone.

Then he turned back to his book and she went to her canvas.

It was this scene in the atelier in Paris that rose before Bradford when Soule spoke to him in the clubroom in London. He could not understand why just that scene, of all the times when Soule had been with them, should come up so distinctly.

"No occasion for congratulating America," responded Soule with perfect good temper. "But, seriously, tell me where Middle Village is. My passage is engaged by the next Cunarder. It will give me a great deal of pleasure to call on Mrs. Bradford."

Bradford laughed. He was amused at the thought of Robert Soule in the Tuttle farmhouse, in winter too. But he would adapt himself, "let alone Soule for that," he thought. "There is nothing so ductile and adaptable on the face of the earth as an American who might pass for a Frenchman."

He gave minute directions for travelling to Middle Village. When he had finished he said:

"I suppose you'll be running over soon?" England country place is when the snow is piled all about."

Soule shivered.

"Wasn't I born in such a place?" he asked. "I suppose you'll be running over soon?"

"Very likely."

There was now a finality in Bradford's appearance which made it necessary for his companion to leave him.

It was that afternoon that Bradford sent up his card to a certain parlor in one of the quiet hotels in a remote part of London. He did not have to wait many minutes before a servant came to conduct him to that parlor, where a lady rose to greet him.

"Why, Keats!" she said coming forward and putting out both her hands.

"I suppose I have as good a right to be in London as you have," he answered smiling. "And what a jolly place London is, to be sure!"

He sat down and looked at his cousin, Miss Phillipps, who was dressed with such extreme plainness as to be suggestive of he knew not what. Still Miss Phillipps could not be otherwise than Miss Phillipps. She was looking thin, but that was customary. She also had an ascetic appearance which was not customary. There was nothing ascetic in her greeting, however.

"Jolly?" she repeated. "You have a look as if nothing was jolly."

"Yes," he answered. "I have removed my gay mask. It isn't worth while to keep it on just for you, Vanessa."

He sat down in front of the seat she had taken. He was in truth quite haggard. She contemplated him for a moment in silence.

"Is Rowena with you?" she asked.

"No. Rowena is in Middle Village."

Having said this, Bradford rose as if something intolerable were goading him.

Miss Phillipps expressed no surprise. She leaned back in her chair and watched her cousin as he strode about the room. She knew that he was at no pains to conceal his mood from her. She guessed also that he had come to her because of that fact.

At last she said:

"It is impossible that you two can have quarrelled."

"Oh, no, we have never quarrelled. We are too friendly for that."

There was an unpleasant expression on the word friendly.

He came and stood near her.

"She simply couldn't endure it any longer," he said.

"And you?"

"I?" with a smile that made his companion's pulses start, "I could endure torment if she were only near me."

"Dear Keats!" in her most sympathetic voice.

"Don't pity me too much or I shall cry like a woman," he said impatiently. "Did it ever strike you, Vanessa, that I am what you might call womanish?"

"No."

"Well, I think I am. I cling so to Rowena—to my thoughts and hopes about her, to my idea of what our life might be. I can't seem to find distractions that have any power. Now if I were thoroughly masculine, don't you see, I might take to drinking, or gambling, or to actresses. But those things don't interest me in the least. Can you recommend anything, Vanessa, that would occupy my mind and be manly at the same time?"

He smiled with a whimsical wistfulness as he put this question.

THE CONDUCTOR WOULD NOT RESIGN.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

Colonel Thomas F. Fisher tells another story which is a good one. Among the first railroads built in the United States was a little line about twenty miles in length. In the course of time a big tunnel line was constructed through the same country. The original line became merely a branch. For many years it was run in a cheap way, with one locomotive, one engineer, and two or three freight cars.

Finally a new general manager was appointed. He had not been in office but a week when he sent for the one lone conductor who had held the position ever since the road was built.

"I would like to have your resignation," said the general manager, when the conductor appeared.

"My resignation!" inquired the conductor, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; yours."

"What for, pray?"

"Well, I want to make some changes and get new blood in the line," was the general manager's reply.

"I won't resign," answered the conductor.

"Then I will be compelled to discharge you, a step which, for your sake, I had hoped I would be saved from taking."

"Young man, you will not discharge me. I own a controlling interest in the stock of this railroad and elect the president and board of directors. I shall have you fired."

The old conductor did really own the majority of the stock, and, as he said, put in his own board of directors and president.

MANSFIELD AND STEVENSON.

From The Boston News.

I heard a very good story the other night about Richard Mansfield and Robert Louis Stevenson which has never been published. Mansfield was in London preparing for his American tour. There was some difficulty in regard to the production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," so he felt that he ought to meet Mr. Stevenson and have a thorough understanding in regard to the matter. Accordingly, the next day he sent a note to Mr. Stevenson, asking for an interview. "Meet me to-morrow at 10 a. m." was the reply.

The next morning Mr. Mansfield presented himself at the lodgings of Mr. Stevenson. He was unfit to be out, as he was suffering from a bad cold. However, he felt that it would be improper for him to break the appointment. He sent up his card to Mr. Stevenson. In a few moments the servant came down stairs. "Mr. Stevenson will see you presently."

In a few moments a gentleman entered the room. Mr. Mansfield arose, thinking he had met Mr. Stevenson. He began to cough violently, and sneezed several times. When he finished one of his fits of sneezing, he looked up and said: "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were Mr. Stevenson."

"No," said the gentleman, "I'm Lloyd Osbourne. I am Mr. Stevenson's friend." Then the following conversation took place:

"You are Mr. Mansfield, I presume?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Beautiful day, Mr. Mansfield."

"Yes, the weather is charming. But, Mr. Osbourne, I have an engagement with Mr. Stevenson." (Here Mansfield again begins to cough and sneeze.)

"You have a bad cold, Mr. Mansfield?"

"Yes, a very bad cold. It's your London weather. I would like very much to see Mr. Stevenson."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. You want to see Mr. Stevenson. That is a very bad cold Mr. Mansfield."

"Mr. Osbourne, I appreciate the fact that I have a very bad cold. I did not come here, however, Mr. Osbourne, to tell you all about my cold. The fact is, I want to see Mr. Stevenson, and as my time is limited I would like to see him at once. I am to sail for America to-morrow and as I have many engagements for to-day I want the interview at once." (Mansfield again begins to sneeze and cough.)

"Yes, Mr. Mansfield," said Mr. Osbourne, "but your cold you—"

"Well, I will acknowledge again that I have a cold. It is of great importance that I arrange this at once. I cannot talk about my cold all day."

"But, Mr. Mansfield, that cold—"

"Damn the cold. I—"

"But you cannot see Mr. Stevenson. You have such a bad cold, and Mr. Stevenson will not meet a gentleman with a cold. He fears it is so catching, you know. You'll have to call again."

Exit Mansfield.

LINCOLN'S FAITH.

A BIT OF HISTORY OF THE HOT DAYS OF 1863.

I do not propose to enter into the vexed question of Mr. Lincoln's religious theories—as to whether he was an agnostic, infidel, or otherwise, technically speaking. I leave that dismal business to those who fancy it, or who were nearer to him, and saw more of him (or thought they did) personally. But as a humble contribution to the truth of history, I venture to report a remarkable conversation of his, which seemed to me at the time like a glimpse of his secret soul; and I verily believe that it revealed the man Abraham Lincoln as he then was, really and practically, and as he would now like best to be known to the American people and to mankind.

It occurred on Sunday, July 5, 1863—the Sunday after the battle of Gettysburg—and happened on this wise: Gettysburg, it will be remembered, was fought on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863. In the great battle of July 2, Thursday (held by many to have been the real battle of Gettysburg, because of the heavy fighting and tremendous losses, which took the life out of Lee's Army), General Daniel E. Sickles, of New-York, commanding the Third Corps, had lost a leg, and on the Sunday morning following he arrived in Washington with his leg amputated above the knee. He was taken to a private house on F-st., nearly opposite the Ebbitt House, and here on the first floor I found him, reclining on a hospital stretcher, when I called to see him, about 3 p. m. (I was then Lieutenant-Colonel on his staff, and naturally anxious to see my chief.) We had not been talking long, when the orderly in attendance announced the President, and immediately afterward Mr. Lincoln appeared, accompanied by "Tad," then a lad of perhaps ten or twelve years. He was stopping at the Soldiers' Home, but, having learned of General Sickles's arrival in Washington, rode in on horseback, with a squad of cavalry as escort. He was clad in citizen's black clothes, with a tall silk hat, a long frock coat, and high top-boots with spurs, and altogether

"With his gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
And lack of all we prize as debonair,"

made about as homely and awkward looking a horseman as was ever seen.

He greeted Sickles right cordially and tenderly, though cheerfully, and it was easy to see that they each held the other in high esteem. They were both born politicians; they both loved the Union sincerely and heartily; and Sickles had already shown such high qualities both as statesman and soldier that Lincoln had been quick to perceive his weight and value in the great struggle then shaking the Nation. Besides, Sickles was a war Democrat, astute and able, and Mr. Lincoln was by far too shrewd a Republican to pass any of these by in those perilous war days. Greetings over, Mr. Lincoln dropped into a chair, and, crossing his prodigious legs, soon fell to questioning Sickles as to all the phases of the combat at Gettysburg. He asked first, of course, as to Sickles's own ghastly wound—when and how it happened, and how he was getting on,—and then passed on to our other great casualties there, and how the wounded were being cared for, and finally came to the importance and significance of the victory, and what Meade proposed to do with it. Sickles, recumbent on his stretcher, with a cigar between his fingers, puffing it leisurely, answered Mr. Lincoln in detail, and discussed the great battle and its probable consequences with a lucidity and ability remarkable in his condition then—enfeebled and exhausted as he was by the shock of such a wound and amputation. Occasionally he would wince with pain and call sharply to his orderly to wet his fevered stump with icewater; but he never dropped his cigar, nor lost the thread of his narrative, nor overlooked the point of their discussion. His intellect certainly seemed as strong and astute as ever, and in an acquaintance with him of over a quarter of a century I never saw it work more accurately and keenly. He certainly got his side of the story of Gettysburg well into the President's mind and heart that Sunday afternoon, and this doubtless stood him in good stead afterward, when Meade proposed to court-martial him for fighting so magnificently, if irregularly, on that bloody July 2. "No," replied Honest Old Abe: "no, we can't do that! Sickles may have erred! But at any rate he fought superbly, and gave his leg—his life almost—for the Union! And there is glory enough to go around for all!"

When Mr. Lincoln's inquiries seemed ended General Sickles, after a puff or two of his cigar in silence, resumed the conversation substantially as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, I beg pardon, but what did you think about Gettysburg? What was your opinion of things while we were campaigning and fighting up there in Pennsylvania?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I didn't think much about it. I was not much concerned about you!"

"You were not?" rejoined Sickles, as if amazed. "Why, we heard that you Washington folks were a good deal excited, and you certainly had good cause to be. For it was 'nip and tuck' with us up there a good deal of the time!"

"Yes, I know that. And I suppose some of us were a little 'rattled.' Indeed, some of the Cabinet talked of Washington's being captured, and ordered a gunboat or two here, and even went so far as to send some Government archives aboard, and wanted me to go, too, but I refused. Stanton and Welles, I believe, were both 'stampeded' somewhat, and Seward, I reckon, too. But I said: 'No, gentlemen, we are all right, and are going to win at Gettysburg,' and we did, right handsomely. No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg!"

"Why not, Mr. President? How was that? Pretty much everybody down here, we heard, was more or less panicky."

"Yes, I expect, and a good many more than will own up now. But actually, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. Of course, I don't want you and Colonel Rusling here to say anything about this—at least not now. People might laugh if it got out, you know. But the fact is, in the stress and pinch of the campaign there, I went to my room, and got down on my knees, and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him that this was His country, and the war was His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if He would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him. "And He did, and I will! And after this, I don't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but, somehow or other, a sweet comfort crept into my soul, that God Almighty had taken the whole thing into His own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg! No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg; and that is the why!"

Mr. Lincoln said all this with great solemnity and impressiveness, almost as Moses might have spoken when first down from Sinai, and when he had concluded there was a pause in the talk, that nobody seemed disposed to break. We were all busy with our thoughts, and the President especially appeared to be communing with the Infinite One again. The first to speak was General Sickles, who, between the puffs of his excellent cigar, presently resumed, as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, what are you thinking about Vicksburg, nowadays? How are things getting along down there now?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Lincoln, very gravely. "I don't quite know. Grant is still pegging away down there, and making some headway, I believe. As we used to say out in Illinois, I think he 'will make a spoon or spoil a horn' before he gets through. Some of our folks think him slow and want me to remove him. But, to tell the truth, I kind of like U. S. Grant. He doesn't worry and bother me. He takes what troops we can safely give him, considering our big job all around—and we have a pretty big job in this war—and does the best he can with what he has got, and doesn't grumble and scold all the while. Yes, I confess, I like General Grant—'Uncle Sam Grant!'" (dwelling humorously and lovingly on this name). "There is a great deal to him, first and last. And heaven helping me, unless something happens more than I see now, I mean to stand by Grant a good while yet."

"So, then, you have no fears about Vicksburg either, Mr. President?" added General Sickles.

"Well, no; I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Lincoln, very soberly; "the fact is—but don't say anything about this either just now—I have been praying to Almighty God for Vicksburg, also. I have wrestled with Him, and told Him how much we need the Mississippi, and how it ought to flow unvexed to the sea, and how that great valley ought to be forever free, and I reckon He understands the whole business down there, 'from A to Izzard.' I have done the very best I could to help General Grant along, and all the rest of our generals, though some of them don't think so, and now it is kind of borne in on me that somehow or other we are going to win at Vicksburg, too. I can't tell how soon. But I believe we will. For this will save the Mississippi and cut the Confederacy in twain; and be in line with God's laws besides. And if Grant only does this thing down there—I don't care much how, so he does it right,—why Grant is my man and I am his the rest of this war!"

Of course Mr. Lincoln did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen, on July 4, and that a United States gunboat was then speeding its way up the Mississippi to Cairo with the news that was soon to thrill the country and the civilized world through and through. Gettysburg and Vicksburg! Our great twin Union victories! What were they not to us in that fateful summer of 1863? And what would have happened to the American Republic had both gone the other way? Of course, I do not pretend to say that Abraham Lincoln's faith and prayers saved Gettysburg and Vicksburg. But they certainly did not do us any harm. And to him his confidence in victory there, because of these, was a comforting and abiding reality, most beautiful to behold on that memorable July 5, 1863.

Perhaps it should be added that I made full notes of this conversation shortly afterward, and have often repeated it since in private circles, and now give it here as literally as possible—much of it ipsissima verba. The talk afterward took a wide range, but Mr. Lincoln said nothing conflicting with the above, and left the profound impression upon both General Sickles and myself that in these two great National emergencies he walked and talked with Jehovah—or at least believed he did. Did he not take like counsel on other occasions, as before Antietam, and Chattanooga, and Appomattox? For whatever he may have been in earlier years and under narrower conditions, it seems certain that our great conflict as it proceeded, involving a whole continent and a vast people, with world-wide and time-long results, sobered and steadied him, and anchored him on God as the Superior Ruler of Nations, as a like experience sobered and anchored William of Orange, and Cromwell, and Washington; and in the end Abraham Lincoln became a ruler worthy to rank even with these.

JAMES F. RUSLING.
(Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols.).

HOW THE EARTH'S POLE WABBLES.

From The Boston Advertiser.

The Boston Scientific Society held its 236th corporate meeting at its rooms, 419 Washington-st., last evening, about fifty being in attendance. Dr. Perrin presided and Secretary Norton read the call. The paper for the evening was by S. C. Chandler, who discussed recent discoveries concerning the earth's rotation and the variation in latitude.

Mr. Chandler's paper was based on his own observations made in Cambridge some six years ago. In general his discovery is that the pole of the earth revolves about a circumference with about thirty feet radius in 427 days. This discovery, it is claimed, explains a great deal of the discrepancies in astronomical observations which have been disturbing astronomers for nearly 200 years. Mr. Chandler states that his conclusions have been verified by observations in England, France, Germany and America.

IN PURSUIT OF BURGLARS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

He is a little man, and when his wife woke him and excitedly whispered to him that there was a man in the kitchen he told her to let him stay there.

"But he'll get into the dining-room and steal all the silver," she said in an undertone. "Are you a coward?"

Well, now, perhaps he was a coward when it came to tackling a burglar in the dark, but no man is going to admit that to his wife, so he jumped out of bed and said with the best show of courage possible:

"I'll go in the hall and see if I can hear him."

He went out into the hall and he heard him. He didn't expect to and he didn't want to, but he did. There was some one in the house beyond all question, and he wasn't particularly anxious to meet him. He didn't think he had much of a show with a good, burly burglar, and he was in a quandary until he remembered the speaking tube.

There was a mouthpiece in the hall and a whistle in the kitchen.

He went back into the bedroom and asked sharply:

"Where are my trousers?"

"Perhaps you had better not go down, George," said his wife, as she handed him the trousers.

"Don't be a coward, Mary," he returned, as he hastily pulled them on. "I'll teach him."

"Perhaps there's more than one," she suggested anxiously.

"There are two or three, sure," he said in a business-like way, as he reached for his coat to throw over his shoulders, "but I'm good for them all, Mary. I guess you never saw me when I got roused before."

"But, George," she cried, throwing her arms around him as he tried to go out of the room, "I think they have called for help from friends outside. I heard three screeching whistles in the kitchen just after you went out into the hall the first time."

"Quite likely," he said, as he tore himself away and hurried out, "but I'll fool them all; I'm not afraid of them."

He returned a few minutes later and, as he pulled off his trousers again, said reproachfully:

"Mary, they got warning and got away with some cold meat. If you hadn't made such a fuss when I tried to make a quiet sneak on them, I'd have captured the whole gang sure."

USING ICE WITH FLOWERS.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Olive-st. Florist—Ice is now used quite freely for the preservation of flowers, either for shipping or for keeping into or through the winter, and flowers so preserved cannot be distinguished even by an expert from fresh-gathered blooms. In special instances a freezing mixture is formed by combining salt and ice, and this answers even better than the pure ice. A general adoption of this plan accounts for the increase in recent years of beautiful cut flowers in winter, and it has also brought the price down to within the reach of people who never thought of buying flowers out of season before. There are many other ways of preserving flowers for a few weeks or even months, but the ice plan holds good for an indefinite period and never seems to fail.

TOPICS IN PARIS.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES IN BLACK—RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES AND RUSSIAN LOANS.

Paris, November 13.

The death of Baroness Wallersee has caused the ex-Queen of Naples to exchange her well-known dark blue tailor-made suit for a black one trimmed with crape. The Baroness was simply her sister-in-law, the wife of her eldest brother, Prince Louis, of Deux Ponts in Bavaria, who renounced his ducal birthright to marry this lady, who captivated him as she was playing on the boards of the Munich Theatre. Her name as a young girl was Mendel. She was a Jewess. The marriage took place when Prince Louis was twenty-four and the bride thirty. She was made a baroness by King Max, the lover of Lola Montez, who was induced to go to Munich as a danseuse by Prince Louis's wife. Henrietta Mendel had the respect of her race. She it was who first opened the mind of the Empress Elizabeth to see and feel the beauties of Heine's poetic works. Her Imperial Majesty was then a romantic young girl brought up in a free romantic way in a castle on the shore of a lake in the Bavarian Highlands, learning English from the stablemen, and placed by her father, a jovial and eccentric, but artistic, and in many respects highly endowed person, under the guardianship of a Newfoundland dog whenever she went out. The Empress has remained true to her early cult of Heine, to whom she has just erected a monument on the top of a hill in Corfu, and planted climbing roses round it. Prince Louis had some private property, but not much. His wife had means of her own. They were fairly off, but far from wealthy.

The divorce suit brought by Madame Melba's husband against her and the Duc d'Orleans has been a source of deep concern to the family of that Prince. Not that anything brought against him is morally worse than the indiscretions of some of his uncles, or of his grandfather, who bore the same title that he does. The late Duchesse d'Orleans had often too good reason to be jealous. I know Madame Melba. She has a fine voice and histrionic talent on the stage. In private life she is hardly interesting. Her features are Jewish, save the eyes, which are small and triangular. One often sees eyes like them at Glasgow. Her maiden name is Mitchel, and is one often found on rolls of Jewish congregations. She has talent for pushing and for getting herself advanced, with the want of severity and hardness of head which one often finds in Scotch women. Her father was one David Mitchel, an architect, who built the Town Hall of Melbourne. Her mother is a Scotch woman, and she herself was brought up at a Scotch Presbyterian school.

The Russian Grand Dukes have greatly prolonged their stay here on their homeward journey from San Sebastian. They have been to call at the Elysee, and received a call in return from M. Carnot. Both visits were long. M. de Freycinet and the Finance Minister have also been to see the Grand Duke Vladimir, who particularly represents the Czar. It is no secret that the Russian Government has hoped to find money at a low rate of interest in France, but this expectation has not been realized. Russia is financially in a bad way, though she never repudiated her state debts. This generally is felt to be the case. People may be tempted to risk their money when high interest is offered. It was imagined that the enthusiasm which the Cronstadt fetes called out in France would cause the small capitalists to run and invest their savings in the new Russian loan. But there are no people in the world less likely in money matters to be influenced by sentiment than the French. The new Russian loan will ruin the syndicate which took it up unless the Russian treasury revise the terms of issue. Attempts have been made to throw upon the Rothschilds the blame of failure. They brought out the previous Russian loans, but did not take up this one for two reasons. The advantages held out were too small, and then the Czar has been distinguishing himself as a Jew-baiter. Notwithstanding, however, his persecution of the Rothschild's co-religionists, the great banking firm has been strictly neutral. It has given no sort of active opposition to the loan, but has declined to accept any more Russian stock four millards of francs of which are already held in France.

The cry against the Rothschilds was cleverly got up. Baron Alphonse, the senior member of the firm, thought it worth his while to call on the Minister of Finance and the Foreign Minister to establish his innocence. This cry found an echo in the course of the week in the Chamber of Deputies, when M. Laur, a Boulangist, attacked M. Rouvier, charging him with subservience to the Rothschilds, and with letting him drain French gold out of the country. Though M. Laur is a wild and insignificant person who had in no degree the ear of the Chamber, the Minister thought fit to answer him. In doing so he felt that he would cause scales to fall from the eyes of the Russian allies of France. The so-called gold drainage was a chimera. The money in the Bank of France on the day on which the Minister answered M. Laur amounted to two milliards, 566 millions of francs, of which one millard, 317 millions, were in gold. There were of this metal 100 millions in ingots more than lay in the bank's cellars last May.

The illness of two ladies who have moved in widely different spheres—the Duchesse de Montpensier and Mme. Grevy—are said to be grave. One suffers from a sharp bronchial attack with fever, and the other from inflammation of the lungs. The Duchess was recently with her daughter, the Comtesse de Paris, at Stowe, and is now at Madrid. She is the younger sister of Queen Isabella, but has looked for years what she always wanted to be—the elder, or at any rate to have the advantages of primogeniture. Her life was most prosperous but full of disappointment. Of her seven children only two remain. One was the interesting Queen Mercedes, the joy of her heart. Her son, Don Antonio, is not a source to her of either pride or pleasure. The Queen of Portugal, her granddaughter is in a shaky situation, and the Duc d'Orleans is a scamp.

Madame Grevy on the whole led, I dare say, a happier life, if happiness is to be gauged by the sum total of satisfactions of various kind which one has experienced. Mme. Grevy was richer and in a much better position as M. Grevy's wife than she could have expected to be in girlhood. She found much happpiness in the constant saving of money, in a round of simple housewifely occupations, in caring for husband and daughter, and lastly in her grandchildren. The one cloud on her happiness, until the Wilson affair drove her husband from the Elysee Palace, was the idea that he and she were too old to see their grandchildren grow up. "Alice (her daughter) married too late in life," she often said, "for us to hope to enjoy that happiness." She was a woman of no mental elevation, but kept her head level when she was at the head of the Executive Palace, and did not prove herself a recriminative mother-in-law after she had to leave it. The death of M. Grevy was a cause of deep grief to the faithful soul. M. Wilson took her and his wife with the grandchildren to Loches, near Tours, where he has old friends who still believe in him. She has been there some weeks. Recovering from inflammation of the lungs is rare in persons of her age.

E. C.

THE CONDUCTOR MAKES A MISTAKE.

From The Boston Saturday Gazette.

A car which left Bowdoin Square for Cambridge one day this week, as usual, was crowded to its utmost capacity. A little, old lady who sat in the corner of the car was much afraid she would be carried by Norfolk-st. Every time the car stopped she bent forward and asked if she should get off there. Just before reaching Central Square the car was delayed by a breakdown on the track, and the little, old lady decided not to wait for the obstruction to be removed, but to continue her journey on foot. A lady who had been standing sank into the empty seat with a sigh of relief. Soon the car started up again, and when Norfolk-st. was reached, the conductor pulled the bell and called the street in a loud voice. The lady in the corner did not move. Again he shouted, but still no response. "You want to get off here," said the conductor to the lady in the corner. "I beg your pardon," said the lady; "I do not." At last with the assistance of the other passengers, the mistake was explained, and the car moved on.